

The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal—Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art. Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

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Choice Poetry.

THE THREE ROBES.

BY MISS A. J. DICKINSON.

I saw a light at the window-pane
On a calm and sunny night,
And I knew there were busy fingers there,
Making a robe so white.
And I knew that their hearts were light & gay,
As they sewed the adorning fair.
And I knew that they carefully laid away
A beautiful wreath they had twined that day,
To tie on her pale brown hair;
And knew they had folded a snowy veil
To clasp on her marble brow;
For the one that she loved by her side would
And after the solemn vow.

I saw a light at the window-pane
When the wind went sobbing by,
And cold and fitful drops of rain
Fell from the weeping sky.
And not a star from its home looked down
On the dreariness of the night;
And the pale moon shrank from the fearful
frown.

And hid its face in the trailing gown
Of the clouds, in her grief and woe;
And I knew there were busy fingers there,
Sewing a robe so white.
And a snowy wreath for her pale brown hair,
Bedewed with the tears of those watchers fair.
They had twined by that midnight light.

Away, above, where the sweet faced stars
Are singing creation's hymn,
There shines a glory so pure and bright
That the light of the sun is dim.
There I see a concourse of angels fair
Preparing a robe so white,
Gemming a crown for the pale brown hair
Of a beautiful maiden waiting there
To be crowned an angel bride.
Then I knew that our home in this world of
ours
Had witnessed a sad farewell.
And I knew that angels had welcomed her
In their beautiful home to dwell.

Miscellaneous.

MY WIFE.

"Charles, your wife is the best woman in the world."

It was my friend Barnes. Now, if my friend Barnes, under ordinary circumstances, had uttered in my presence such an exclamation, I might have replied: "My dear friend, why don't you tell me something I don't know already?"

But the circumstances were extraordinary as I will tell you.

The day before, Barnes had buried his eldest boy—a fine fellow, five years old. Being neighbors, and a close intimacy existing between our respective families, I ran over early next morning to speak a word of sympathy. His countenance wore a look of deep distress.

"It's very hard, I know," said I.

"Oh! I could bear it, for myself—but Mary—my wife—she winds her heart-strings so tightly around the object she loves, that the shock of separation is terrible. She has not slept, she has not shed a tear, but passes from one paroxysm to another, pronouncing the most terrible imprecations on things human and divine. Nothing tends to soothe her. The baby she takes no notice of—seems to have forgotten that she has a child left. I fear for her life, if that is spared, that her reason will give away."

I could not detain him longer from the care of his wife, but sadly returned home. My wife listened to the story of her friend's desperate condition, and scarcely appeared to know when I had finished telling it, but still sat as if listening. Five minutes later, however, when I passed through the hall, to depart for my place of business, I saw her in her dressing room, putting on her cloak and bonnet.

It was night when I returned home, after a busy day at my office; and, just as I was passing Barnes' door, he came out, and surprised me with the exclamation I have already repeated. The look of distress was gone from his face, but there was moisture in his eye, and deep emotion in the tone of his voice. Remembering the interview of the morning, you can well understand that it was not in my thought to reply lightly, when he said:

"Your wife is the best woman in the world—the most considerate, the most thoughtful."

"She came down to see Mary?" I said.

"No, she didn't; she did what was still better—she sent another."

"The Reverend?"

"No. What could he prescribe for such a case? You know Mrs. Pardee?"

"Yes; she buried her husband last week."

"And her three children within a twelve month. Well, about noon, to day, just after Mary had experienced one of her wilder paroxysms, during which she made violent efforts to throw herself from the window, and had sunk at last upon the sofa, overtaken by complete physical exhaustion, the bell rang, and when I opened the door, there was Mrs. Pardee. She was accompanied by your wife, who was in the act of taking leave of her."

"You will go in?" said Mrs. Pardee.

"No, I'd better not; you go alone. I've not lost a husband; and my girls—they are at home rosy with health."

other. That scene will live forever in my memory—the picture of those two women looking into each other's eyes—the expression of one full of the bitter agony—the other calm, though unspeakably sad. For a full minute neither spoke. Gradually the full conception of the circumstances seemed to form itself in Mary's mind. The garments of deep mourning, the child in the cradle, the husband near—all—she saw them all, though her eyes were still looking deep down into the bereaved heart before her. Then, with a cry, she sprang from the sofa, and threw herself upon the neck of her friend. The fountain of tears was unsealed, and long they wept together over that sleeping infant. At last Mary slowly spoke:

"You—believe—there—is—a—God—and—that—he—is—good?"

"Yes."

"How—can—you—when—he—has—killed—all—your—dear—ones?"

"The light of divine truth beamed in the woman's face, as she answered in deep, firm tones:

"When my children were taken from me I thought the Lord wanted part of my love. But when he took my husband also, then I knew the Lord was determined to have my whole heart."

"Like lightning the words went to Mary's soul. 'Oh! how wickedly I have sinned.'"

"She clasped her babe to her breast, and then, clinging her arms around both husband and child, she said:

"I will not dare complain again."

"From that moment she was calm, resigned—and, yielding to our persuasion to partake of some refreshment, in half an hour I had the happiness of seeing her sink into a gentle sleep, with a smile upon her lips."

"Then Mrs. Pardee explained how your wife had come to her, and begged, in the name of sweet Mercy, that she would visit Mary. She was loth to comply at first, being a comparative stranger; but her visitor insisting that she alone could hope to rouse Mary from her despair, and perhaps save her life, she at last consented."

"And I am very thankful," she added, "that my visit appears to have produced such favorable results."

"And so am I," Barnes added, pressing my hand; "I hardly hoped to see her smile again."

I wrung his hand and left him, without saying a word. Something rose up in my throat that wouldn't admit of speech. But in my mind I repeated, as I went home: "She is the best woman in the world—the most considerate, the most thoughtful."—*New York Methodist.*

REMEMBERED AND MOURNED.—For every man who falls in battle, some one mourns. For every man who dies in hospital wards, and of whom no note is made, some one mourns. For the humblest soldier shot on picket, and of whose humble exit from the stage of life little is thought, some one mourns. Nor this alone. For every soldier disabled; for every one who loses an arm or a leg, or who is wounded, or languished in protracted suffering; for every one who has "only camp fever," some heart bleeds, some tears are shed. In far-off humble households, perhaps, sleepless nights and anxious days are passed off which the world never knows; and every wounded and crippled soldier who returns to his family and friends, brings a lasting pang with him. Oh! how the mothers feel this war! We, who are young, think little of it; neither, we think, do fathers or brothers know much of it; but it is the poor mothers and wives of the soldiers. God help them!

List of "Woman's Rights" which have been overlooked.

It is woman's rights to have her home in order whenever her husband returns from business.—It is woman's right to be kind and forbearing whenever her husband is annoyed.—It is woman's right to examine her husband's linen, and see that it wants neither mending nor buttons.—It is woman's right to be satisfied with her old dresses until her husband can afford her new ones.—It is woman's right to nurse her children, instead of leaving it to a maid.—It is woman's right to feel pleased, though her husband brings a friend unexpectedly to dinner.—It is woman's right to be content with her own garments, without encroaching on those of her husband.—And, finally, it is woman's right to remain a woman, without endeavoring to be a man.

A young lady (a sensible girl) gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love:—the sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the longest, sweetest, strongest, and the dearest love—a love of a bonnet.

A correspondent of the London American, writing from Frankfort-on-the-Main, gives the following extract of a letter from Charlotte Cushman, in reference to our war:—"Only wish to Heaven I could go and be of some service at such a time as this in the United States. I hate the incompetency of womanhood. As a man I could give my brains, my speech, my life, if necessary; as a woman, I can only wait the course of human events. Now and to be obliged to wait, and that, too, at a time when there appears to be so much heart-sickening in the land!"

A young lady on being asked what calling she wished her sweetheart to follow, blushing replied that she wanted him to be a husbandman.

Last Words of Gen. McCook.

There is something sublime in the last words of the murdered hero, Gen. Robert McCook:—"I am done with life—yes, this ends it all. You and I part now, but the loss of ten thousand such lives as yours would save such a Government as ours. These words are worthy to be engraved on the heart of every soldier in our army, of every one who weeps at home for the brave that return no more. Let them be repeated from lip to lip around the camp fire where the soldiers gather to speak of the past and speculate upon the future. Let them pass from mouth to mouth when the serious ranks move forward to the field of death. The sentiment is heroic—it will kindle a flame in many a manly heart and give tenfold energy to many a stalwart arm. The life of the brave loyal soldier is precious beyond all price; yet the sacred object for which it is sacrificed is vastly more precious still. How the utterance of such a sentiment from the pallid lips of the dying hero puts to shame the apathy of half-hearted friends to our Government."

A Spunky Soldier.

One of the correspondents writing of the battle of Cedar mountain, relates this incident:

Just after the firing of musketry became interesting, I noticed a private soldier coming off the field, and thinking perhaps he was running away to avoid danger, I rode up to him, when I found he had two fingers of his left hand shot away and a third dreadfully lacerated. I saw at once that he had at least a hand in the fight. I assisted him to dress his wound as well as my limited knowledge of surgery would permit, he in the meantime propping up my plank by his quiet remarks. Said he, "don't keep a darn for that third finger; for it won't do no count no how; but the pointer and 'other one were right good ones, and I hate to lose 'em. I couldn't have come to the rear if I had been able to load my gun; but I wasn't." After I had dressed his hand he looked over in the direction of the firing and stood a moment. Turning to me, he said: "Stranger, I wish you would just load up my shooting iron for me; I want to have a little satisfaction out of them enemies for spilling my fore paw."

I loaded his gun for him, and he started quick in quest of "satisfaction." His name was Lappin, or Lapham, of the Ohio 7th.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.—When Pompeii was destroyed, there were many persons buried in the ruins who were afterwards found in different situations. There were some found in the street, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in the lofty chambers; but where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain; and there while the lava stream rolled, had he stood at his post; and there, after a thousand years had passed away, he was found.

A GUERRILLA FRIEND.—Morgan, the guerrilla leader, in his report of his doings in Kentucky, tells how he destroyed a railroad over which a train was soon to pass, intercepted a telegraphic dispatch asking if the road was clear, replied himself that it was, and requested the train to hurry up, posted two bowitzers so as to fire into the cars the moment they ran off the track, and then waited in expectation of seeing 500 people coolly murdered by his honorable mode of warfare! The train was disappointed—no train came.

A JOLLY TAR.—One of the crew of the Minnesota belonged in Portland, Me., and was reported killed by the Merrimack, and a very handsome obituary notice conferred on him. A few days ago the editor of the Argus received a letter from the defunct sailor, stating that he was still engaged in the voyage of life, and that he was anxious to come to Portland and see his old messmates, provided he could make arrangements with the Mayor of the city that he should not be put in jail for getting more than half seas over and kissing the cobblestones in the street. His name is Rufus Joy, and his vaggish letter does not belie it.

A new battery is attached to the One Hundred and Eighth New York regiment. It is capable of discharging each two hundred bullets per minute with entire accuracy, at a range of one to one and a-half miles. Ten of these guns will constitute the battery. A wealthy and patriotic citizen of Rochester, Mr. A. Champion, furnishes these guns, including twenty horses, two for each gun, at his own individual expense, and believes that he is thereby accomplishing more good than would be done if he were to invest the large amount they would cost in bibles, and distribute them to the heathen. Each of the new pieces is provided with a telescopic sight.

"Johnny," said a mother to a son nine years old, "go wash your face. I am anxious to see you coming to dinner with a dirty mouth."

"I did wash it, mamma!" and feeling his upper lip, added gravely, "I think it must be a mousetail coming!"

"If you have a scolding wife, treat to time; old age may bring you the blessing of deafness."

Breathe Through the Nose.

George Catlin, the famous painter and investigator of the habits and customs of Indian tribes, has recently published a pamphlet, entitled "The Breath of Life," in which he undertakes to demonstrate that the common practice of breathing through the mouth is very detrimental to health.—He says that it is not a natural habit, for when God created man "He breathed the breath of life into man's nostrils," and why should he not continue to live by breathing it in the same manner? The mouth was made for the reception and mastication of food for the stomach and other purposes; but the nostrils, with their delicate and fibrous linings, for purifying and warming the air in its passage, have been mysteriously constructed, and designed to stand guard over the lungs—to measure the air and equalize its draft during the hours of repose.

The atmosphere is nowhere pure enough for man's breathing until it has passed this refining process, and therefore the imprudence and danger of admitting it in an unnatural way, in double quantities upon the lungs, and charged with the surrounding epidemic or contagious infections of the moment. The impurities of the air which are arrested by the intricate organization and mucus in the nose are thrown out again from its interior barriers by the returning breath. The air which enters the nostrils as distilled water is different from the water in an ordinary cistern or free pond.

He argues that the habit of sleeping with the open mouth is particularly hurtful; points out a number of diseases which are traceable to this cause, and among the rest ascribes the early decay of the teeth to it.—*The Moravian.*

FRIENDS OF A BACCHANALIAN.—The other day, among the passengers from Baltimore to Harrisburg, was a discharged soldier, pretty well soaked with corn juice, who had purchased a ticket for York, Pa. When the train stopped at the latter place, the soldier was enjoying a sort of Rip Van Winkle snooze, and forgot to step or tumble out, and consequently was carried up the road some five or six miles before the conductor overhauled him while taking up tickets. After a dozen or so vigorous shakes, our conductor friend brought him to a sort of consciousness, when the following scene occurred:

Conductor.—"Where are you bound?"

Soldier.—"Y-o-o-r-k, sir."

Conductor.—"Past that station six miles or more."

Soldier.—"The d-e-v-e-l! Let me off!"

Conductor.—"Not here. Wait a minute. I will let you down at the next station." (Mt. Wolf.)

Conductor passed out of the car to the forward part of the train, and the soldier went the opposite direction, until he found the platform of the rear car, where he instantly prepared to make a Sam Patch leap, much to the terror of a little red-haired news boy, who stood on the platform at the time, holding on with the grip of a plucky little terrier dog to the crazy man's blouse. Barum's little man, Tom Thumby, holding on to Heenan's coat tail, might serve for an illustration. Jump the soldier would; and he did jump. Our little red-haired friend had to "let go" or "go along," to use his own phrase. Soldier landed in the middle of the track, turned several summersaults, doubled himself up like a contortionist in a circus ring, then got up, the blood streaming from his mouth and nose profusely.

This occurred within six hundred yards of the station, and the speed of the train had slackened to about twelve miles an hour. Several men were dispatched to see after him, and found him considerably bruised, but not scared in the least. After putting him into trim, he was headed for York, pretty well sobered, if not frightened after his miraculous escape from death, or being crippled for life.

AN OLD CHICKEN.—In attempting to carve a fowl one day, a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the old man who sold him an old hen for a young chicken.

"My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so much about the aged and respectable Mr. B. He planted the first hill of corn that was planted in our town."

"I know that," said her husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.—Last week in a train running from Peshburg to Vienna, a boy, apparently under ten years of age, travelling with a grown-up person, lit a cigar and happened to be smoking it when the guard came round to collect the tickets. As the one held by the boy was only a half-price one, the guard remarked that the directors considered all smokers as men, and required the boy to pay full price. The older traveller was accordingly obliged to pay the other half of the price for his young companion. The fast youths will take notice, or they may be caught in a similar trap.

A secess woman in Tennessee asked a Union soldier, "How far back does your army extend?"

"Why, madam, it reaches to the north pole, and when I left two other regiments were trying to get in."

Large Feet.

The Rev. Joseph Bowman, of Pimpton, is celebrated for the large size of his "trouters." He is said to be the person who keeps a tannery in operation for the purpose of furnishing leather enough to keep him in boots and shoes. But that is said to be a falsehood by those who know him best. On one occasion, wanting his boots mended, he stopped at the door of Bill Hill's shoe shop, and thus accosted the old cobbler, who was busy at work within:

"Say, Bill, can you half sole my boots this morning?"

Bill, who stuttered a little, came to the door, and after taking a long and anxious survey of the weather, answered:

"Yes; if it d-d-o-n't rain."

"Why, Bill, what difference would that make?" said the reverend.

"Why," said Bill, "my s-sh-shoe ain't very large, and I t-thought I c-could bring my b-b-bench out doors."

TURKEY AND PRACTICE.—"Father," said Jack, "why shouldn't water be made red-hot?"

"No reason in the world, Jack, if the same didn't blow off the lid of the kettle."

"Well, then, father, let's try; I can easily plug up the spout, and fasten down the lid of the kettle."

Jack duly prepared the kettle, borrowed an additional pair of bellows from a neighbor, placed the kettle over a good fire, and, in conjunction with father, set to work to blow.

"Now, father," "Now, Jack," cried the operators, encouraging each other to renewed exertion, till, at last, bang went the lid of the kettle, and down went father and Jack, somewhat scalded and considerably frightened; and as to making water red-hot, Jack quite agreed with father, who ruefully exclaimed, as he went down, "I say, Jack, it canna be done."—*Scientific American.*

"Mother," said a little girl about ten years of age, "I've finished reading that story in the yellow coverd book."

"I am glad to hear it; was it interesting?" "Oh, real good; the handsome young man, and the beautiful young woman got married, and had a baby, and that's all I remember."

A very different young gentleman on Sunday evening last, while waiting on a lady home from the Methodist church, said she had not to mention it, as it might cause remark. "I don't like to be asked if it was you."

CAUTION IN THE ACT.—An Irishman catching a thief's hand in his pocket at the Post Office, the other day, knocked the rascal down, and began to trample on his carcass as if he were dancing a Paderown's jig.

"What's that for?" said a bystander.

"Och! said Pat, 'it's small change the fellow wanted, and faith I'm after giving him a few post office stamps!'"

A lady, who, though in the autumn of life, had lost all dreams of its spring, said to Douglas Jerold: "I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn so gray; I sometimes fancy it is the essence of rosenmary with which my maid brushes it. What do you think?" "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of time."

Well, what next?" said Mrs. Partington, as she interrupted Ike, who was reading the war news—"the pickets were driven in five miles? Bless my poor soul, but that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had to be driven in deep, to keep the secessionaders from digging out under them."

THE IDEAL NURSE.—A Washington letter writer says: "I never yet have seen the ideal nurse. The nearest approach to her was the wife of a young lieutenant who sat reading a newspaper while her wounded husband in the bed beside her lay writhing with pain."

A French Statistician has calculated that the civilized world spends every twenty-four hours in royal and military salaries and polite exchanges of volleys, in wharf and evening guns in all fortresses and men-of-war, all over the globe, a hundred and fifty thousand useless shots. Estimating the cost of the charge at six francs, this would produce a daily sum of nine hundred thousand francs, or three millions of francs (\$900,000) annually, which thus goes off in smoke.

FIXED FOR WATERING MILK.—In the Court of Special Sessions, New York, on Thursday, a milk man was presented for adulterating milk at a pump. His counsel contended that the addition of water was not an adulteration of the milk.

Mr. Hall, the District Attorney, contended that it was, and that, although some men might suppose that milk was improved by an admixture with brandy, and thus made milk punch, still, if a man purchased it as milk, he was entitled to the genuine, unadulterated article. The Court agreed with Mr. Hall, and fined the defendant \$50.

NINETEEN MILES OF BOATS.—The crowd of westward bound boats awaiting their passage through the Brighton locks is said to be the largest ever collected on the Erie Canal, and gives a small idea of the immense business transacted upon that channel. The fleet reached, on Saturday, from the first Brighton lock eastward to Wayport, a distance of nineteen miles.

Many a married soldier will go through a campaign without a scratch, and that's much better than he might do at home.

Dialogue between Two Democrats.

VALLEIGHAM DEMOCRAT.—I am in favor of putting down this rebellion if it can be done constitutionally.

UNION DEMOCRAT.—I am in favor of putting down this rebellion, and preserving the Union, even if we have to annihilate every rebel in the country, and reduce the rebellious States to a desert like that of Sahara.

V. D.—I am opposed to interfering with slavery; and if the rebellion cannot be suppressed without doing so, I say let the slave States go. We have no right, under the Constitution, to interfere with slavery.

U. D.—I hold that a traitor to his Government has forfeited all rights that he ever had guaranteed to him while he remained a loyal citizen—ever since his life.

While I am opposed to interfering with slavery where it is unnecessary, yet if it becomes necessary, in order to crush this rebellion, I say take away from every rebel his slaves and send them out of the United States or use them in any way that will help us destroy the rebels. The rebels do not hesitate to employ their slaves in every possible way in which they can be used against us. Let us return the compliment and use their slaves against them.

V. D.—But I am opposed to confiscating the property of rebels; it is unconstitutional.

U. D.—The d-d-d! It is! Your opposition to this confiscation business, my dear Valleighammer, is probably the result of your fears lest you should suffer its consequences. I repeat again, that a traitor has no right under the Constitution. In committing treason he forfeited all his rights, and I am decidedly in favor of confiscating his property, and applying it to the payment of the expenses of the war which his treason has caused.

V. D.—I am opposed to suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus.

U. D.—So were the traitors in New Orleans, when Gen. Jackson suspended it, and caused their arrest.

V. D.—And I am opposed to old Abe Lincoln and his d-d-d abolition crew.

U. D.—So is Jeff Davis and all the infernal traitors who are backing him.

V. D.—I would a thousand times rather the South should succeed in this war than that the country should be governed by the Abolition Republican party.

U. D.—Precisely! then why don't you remain here among loyal people who despise you, and who know you are a villain, and only lack the courage to be an assassin and cut throat. Go where you belong, you black headed traitor. Don't stay here, belching forth your treason, and claiming the protection of our laws. [Exit Valleighammer, amid the hisses of the crowd.]

More iron-clads have been commenced. The keels of two were laid near Pittsburg, Pa., on Saturday. These are intended for river service chiefly. The Government is also negotiating for the purchase of two Mississippi steamboats, with the view of making mailed ships of them. The Choctaw and Port Henry (iron-clads), now pretty well advanced at St. Louis, were not originally intended for Government duty, but are expected to make very serviceable craft, nevertheless. Nearly a hundred vessels have been chartered recently for temporary service by the Navy Department.

The Rappahannock river of which we are to hear so much, ten miles above Fredericksburg, forks into two branches, or rather receives there the two tributaries which make the river. The southern stream is the Rapid-Ann, the northern one is called the North Fork. This latter is the stream on which the opposing armies are now operating, and which strangers and letter-writers call Rappahannock, but which does not properly bear that name before the junction. twenty miles below where the Culpepper Railroad crosses the North Fork.

A SAILOR DEVoured BY A SHARK.—The Boston Journal has received a letter from James R. Wheeling, Acting Master of the United States steamer Kearsarge, dated Algiers Roads, July 16th, 1862, from which the following is an extract: "I am sorry to inform you that, on the evening of the 13th of this month, while our crew were in the water bathing, one of them by the name of Edward Tibbets, born in Maine, and about twenty years old, was attacked by a ground shark, and, although the poor fellow fought the monster bravely, before our boat could reach the spot, the shark secured his prize by grasping him by the left side, crushing in his ribs, and bearing him to the bottom. It was a horrid sight—a hundred and fifty of Tibbets' shipmates looking at him and within ten yards, but unable to render him any assistance. He was a noble fellow, and I regret him very much."

Illinois has raised fifty thousand out of her quota of fifty-two thousand for the two calls, consequently there will be no draft there, as the other two thousand will not be long wanting.

A quaker once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another, dryly asked him: "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

The other day, in New Haven, Conn., an Irishman, who had been married eight years, and had nine children, thought he deserved exemption, because he could serve his country so much better at home.

Col. Van Wyck and a Virginia Planter.

Colonel Van Wyck, of the Tenth Legion of New York, writes to the Middletown White Press:—

I went outside the lines (at Malvern Hills) to the mansion of Mr. Carter, so much spoken of lately. It is about one-half mile beyond the lines. Nearing the barn I saw many slaves, men and women, pitching straw on wagons, to be carried out and burnt. Near by was Mr. Carter and his overseer on horse back. I rode up and found him a very pleasant and intelligent gentleman, who does not disguise his sympathy with the Rebellion, but justifies himself on the ground that a man must go with his State. From his appearance, I should judge he was a follower and not a founder of the Rebellion.

He has five sons in the army, and claims they were drafted and did not enter from choice. He says all the men in Virginia capable of bearing arms are in the army, and it is so in the Southern States. If that be the case, his present army, when decimated by disease and battle, can never be recruited. By his invitation I rode up to his house, which was an elegant one of brick, and the most delightful situation I had seen in Virginia. Fine peaches and pears were to be seen nearly ripe. "He was grieving much at his losses," had five hundred acres of wheat, yet all had been destroyed except two hundred acres; had five hundred acres of corn, yet would gather only fifty or sixty.

The corn, although not cultivated, was twelve feet high. He was gleaning over the loss of slaves; had one hundred and fifty, but eighteen or twenty of the best had taken to themselves legs and run away. At his house was stationed a guard of Union soldiers, and had been for over three weeks. One of the guard opened the gate and furnished a bucket of water. They belong to one of the regular regiments—most of that duty is done by the regulars. He showed us a large brick out-house, used for their quarters. The statement in a recent copy of the Herald, that his house is not guarded and that his slaves work on our fortifications, is incorrect."

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer, August 26.]

Position of Affairs in Kentucky. We have late and reliable intelligence from Kentucky, which gives the precise state of affairs in that State. The influence of Kentucky is now known to have been without foundation. Gen. Scott, the Rebel commander of eight regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and a force of artillery, have recently entered the State with the avowed purpose of cutting off supplies and preventing reinforcements from reaching Gen. Morgan, who has 10,000 men in possession of Cumberland Gap, while a large force of Rebels have surrounded the other side of the Gap to contend with Morgan for its possession. They do not dare come round into Kentucky, for then Gen. Buell would threaten their rear, and their capture would be inevitable. If with a large army they can defeat Morgan and capture his stores, arms and men, they could hold the Gap against Buell, and their forces could advance and retreat at pleasure, in perfect security, and invade Kentucky, holding the Gap as a rendezvous for their Western forces. Scott is still north of the Gap, but he has not yet cut off the supplies from reaching Morgan, although the trains are threatened with capture, and recently he attacked Metcalfe's cavalry, near Richmond, and caused him to retreat.

Gen. Nelson is in command of the Federal forces, and it is understood, will at once put them into a camp of instruction, near Richmond, to thoroughly fit them for the field. We may confidently expect startling news from the Gap during the present week, but we firmly believe that Gen. Nelson and Morgan will be fully equal to this or any similar emergency.

General Corcoran. Colonel Forney writes to the Philadelphia Press concerning General Corcoran:—

"Around the standard of this gallant Irishman we shall have a great array of the sons of the men who fought at Fontenau, and saved British honor in the Peninsula. His name will be a watchword, and its echo will be heard in every Irish heart. This proud, rash, brave and impetuous Irish people are the men to form an army. They have shown in this war a devotion and bravery that surpass praise. The liberty they pine for in Ireland they will maintain in America. They feel the effects of national dismemberment and degradation, and they are giving their lives to avert from the land of their adoption the misfortunes that darken the land of their birth. Under the green flag

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3, A. M.
Washington city was last night in a state of great excitement, and not without most substantial cause. Glows were gathered at all the hotels discussing and speculating on the future, and the announcement that Gen. McClellan had been assigned to the command of all the troops assembled for the defence of Washington was generally received to mean that before twenty-four hours should elapse the whole Army of Virginia would be within the area of territory under his jurisdiction.

The facts are that the Army of Virginia has been outgeneralled, outflanked, and disheartened by the daily and hourly evidence of superior generalship on the part of the rebels, that it is now on the way to Alexandria, mourning the loss of many gallant officers and men who have lost their lives, or are suffering from wounds and exhaustion, many of them in the hands of the rebels. By the time this letter reaches you the whole command of General Pope will have fallen back upon the entrenchments and works for the defence of Washington, under command of General McClellan.

As far as I can learn here the history of the past three days has been a succession of small disasters both in the front and rear. Last night there was a series of skirmishes along the whole front, in one of which Brigadier General Isaac L. Stevens was killed. His color bearer having been struck down he took the flag up himself and was leading on his troops, when a rebel bullet pierced his forehead and he instantly fell dead. During the evening General Kearney sent out a scouting party in a piece of woods, who reported that there was no enemy in sight. At a later hour, having some doubts as to the report made to him, he is supposed to have walked out in the woods himself, and was shot by some of the enemy's scouts. He was missing during the night, and this morning his body was sent in by General Lee, under a flag of truce. It is now here, along with those of Colonel Fletcher Webster and General Stevens, being embalmed for transmission to their families.

The whole number of killed and wounded in all the battles up to the present time does not exceed 11,000. In the first battle on Friday at Bull Run, the loss on the Federal side did not exceed 4,000, although General Pope announced it at 8,000. What the loss of the enemy has been, or whether any of their prominent officers have suffered, is not known. It is, however, believed to be equal if not greater than ours.

In conversation with the wounded who are constantly arriving here, I find that they have no faith in Gen. Pope's capacity to command a great army, and ridicule the pretensions of the campaign, with "headquarters in the saddle," etc. They complain of bad generalship, and say that the whole campaign has been without a plan or strategy, and that he has walked into every trap they set for him, without foresight or common prudence.

As to Gen. McDowell, his withdrawal from the Army of Virginia is a necessity that the President can no longer resist. Not only his own command, but every other division, denounce him in terms and language that it would not, perhaps, be proper to repeat. Suffice it to say that those fighting under him complain that his orders led them constantly to disaster, whilst he kept himself charge him with having failed to properly guard and protect the points assigned to him. In fact, his long prostration, whether these charges are true or false, will have a most demoralizing tendency.

At four o'clock yesterday morning, a train of one hundred wagons, with commissary stores, was intercepted by the enemy between Fairfax Station and Centerville, and driven off towards Manassas before the party could be intercepted. They secured the whole train, and doubtless fared sumptuously to-day. So soon as this raid in the rear of our army at Centerville was known, the necessity of "looking to the rear" again became apparent, and at noon the whole army of Virginia had abandoned Centerville, and was massed this side of Fairfax Court House. Last evening they again took up the line of march, and at five o'clock the advance was in sight of Manassas Hill.

The enemy's cavalry followed them in the distance, but made no attack, and the whole movement was being accomplished in excellent order. At noon yesterday, Gen. McClellan, at the request of the President, rode out to meet the retreating column, and was received by his troops with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of gratification and pleasure.

This state of affairs has of course caused considerable excitement here, and has doubtless led to the order which virtually places General McClellan in command. To the great mass of our citizens there is safety in this change of commanders, and by the military it is hailed as an omen of success. All begin to feel that the time for trifling has passed, and that there can be no success for our arms unless the men who are to do the fighting have confidence in their commander.

The works for the defence of Washington are all in excellent condition and strongly manned by experienced artillerists, so that no fear is entertained of an attack on them; but it is supposed that the enemy will strike at some line on the Potomac this side of Harper's Ferry. General McClellan has already seen to the strengthening of these points, and there is no doubt that he shall again have a long siege of Washington and an indefinite prolongation of the war.

The return of the army to Washington is a great mortification in military circles, and it will doubtless be one of equal mortification to the whole country. After fifteen months' toil and bloodshed we have now returned to the starting point, and the whole work has to be commenced over again. The rebels may now reiterate their assertions with some show of plausibility "that the South cannot be conquered." There cannot be said to be any panic here, but the mortification is great and the disappointment so deep that every man seems to carry his feelings in his countenance.

There are also rumors here this evening of a change in the Cabinet, but I think they are at present unfounded.

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STARRED NEWS!!!

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

Since Saturday morning last, our town has been in a state of the highest excitement. During Friday and Saturday the Rebels crossed the Potomac at several points, and pushed forward to Frederick city, and took possession of that place on Saturday, about noon. There was no force at Frederick to resist them, and on the news of their approach, the commissary stores, so far as they could be, were sent off, and the balance burnt by the Quartermaster, by order. The Provost Guard, consisting of one company only, left, together with between 800 and 400 convalescent soldiers, who were in the Hospital. They arrived here on Saturday evening, and were comfortably provided for by our citizens with food and lodging, and sent on in a special train to York Hospital on Sunday.

Since Saturday morning, there has been a continued arrival here of prominent Union citizens of Frederick city and county, to the number of nearly three hundred—flying from probable arrest or imprisonment into the service. They are all intelligent, and of the most respectable class of citizens, and we feel gratified that they have our town convenient to them as a place of refuge from the base action of the Rebels both in the army and without it.

The very worthy postmaster at Frederick, Dr. JENKS, arrived here on Saturday, having felt it a duty to bring away all the mails to a place of safety. He sent abroad, through our post-office yesterday, all the matter which he could ascertain would reach its place of destination.

The Rebels, on their arrival at Frederick, established a Provost Guard, under the direction of the notorious traitor, Bradley T. Johnson, a former citizen of Frederick. The rumors vary as to the amount of Rebel force there, from twenty to fifty thousand men. They are buying cattle, horses, shoes, coats, &c., paying for them in their worthless Confederate scrip—and if it is refused, they take the property without pay. The main body of the enemy, it is said, encamped about two miles this side of Frederick.

It is thought that nearly all the force of the Rebels has left the front of Washington, and are concentrated with a view to this advance on Maryland and Pennsylvania. It may, or it may not, be so, but the Government is, beyond a doubt, advised of every movement, or ought to be—and will measure accordingly. From what we can learn, their action is prompt and energetic; and not many days will elapse before the "tale is told." If we are not deceived in the "signs of the times," the Rebels have made one advance too far, and the great body of them will not see "Dixie" again very soon.

Our last accounts from Frederick are that the Rebels, about 30,800 strong, were encamped in Worman's woods, this side of Frederick, and that their pickets were thrown out in all directions two or three miles. Why they are lying there inactive, we cannot say—except to provide a heavy stock of provisions for the army. Small squads of cavalry had visited some parts of the county and made arrests of active Unionists, and foraging parties were bringing in cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, seizing everything they wanted in the country around.

LATER—A letter from near Frederick, dated last evening, at 8 o'clock, says that the Rebels yesterday blew up the Monocacy bridge—that their force was very large, extending for many miles—and that it was thought they were moving off in the direction of Baltimore. A squad of cavalry, it is reported, yesterday entered Westminister, and stripped the Banks and Post Office. Cannonading up the Potomac was heard yesterday afternoon.

Our accounts from Washington are that a large army was in motion to check the rebels either in advance or return—and we expect that ere this the fight has commenced.

There have been hourly rumors that Hagerstown was in possession of the Rebels, and all the Union men were flying the country. They were not correct.—There was great apprehension, however; and a battery of eight cannon, with their men, under the direction of the Provost Marshal, and about 800 soldiers of one of the Pennsylvania regiments, left on Saturday and Sunday for Harrisburg, feeling their inability to contend with the large army of Rebels which was reported as coming. They went—but the Rebels did not come.

Gen. Pope has been transferred from the Army of Virginia to the Army of the Northwest. Gen. McDowell has been granted leave of absence, and Gen. Reno placed in command of his army corps. Gen. McClellan has now command of the armies of the Potomac and Virginia—they being consolidated.

Our outposts at Martinsburg were attacked on Saturday by 400 rebel cavalry, and were defeated with the loss of 80 prisoners, horses and arms. We had two killed and 10 wounded. The loss of the enemy is not known.

The Adams Dragoons and Rock-creek Cavalry have united their forces into one Company.

The box from your Association came to hand most opportunely, and assisted us greatly in supplying the necessities of a large number of sick and wounded soldiers. We thank you for your timely aid. All the articles are most useful and acceptable, and have already promoted the comfort of many of our soldiers, who are truly grateful. May we ask a continuance of your efforts.

Very respectfully,
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A Letter from Camp.

The following letter from OSCAR McMEILAN, a member of "Hooper's Cavalry," to his sister, will be found highly interesting:

BOLIVAR, Va., Sept. 4, 1862.
DEAR SISTER: I arrived here safely last night, after our last rather uneventful trip to Loudoun county. I was captured by the Rebels on Tuesday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, and was released on parole. But I will give you a short account of our trip and adventures. We left here early on Monday morning, and got to Waterford about noon; four of the rebel cavalry had just left, taking with them one of Captain Means' Loudoun Regiments; a squad of men were dispatched to Point of Rock, or Means' company; about 10 of them got to W. about 5 o'clock; shortly afterwards we galloped to Hillsboro, captured 2 rebel cavalry, and rode back a few miles, stopped at a farm-house, fed our horses and slept in the barn until day-break, when we started again, travelled about 10 miles, stopped again to feed: in a half an hour we were off again, got to Leesburg about 12 o'clock, halted outside of it, and sent out a reconnoitering party who captured a rebel cavalryman in the town. After finding there were rebels about in force, Capt. Cole, commanding, fell back slowly, in good order, saving himself from an attack in the rear. On our right there was a corn field about a mile long. After we had got about half way to the end of it, the Rebels charged on us. About 30 or 70 of us took in a gate after Capt. Cole, the rebels following us, when we rallied and drove them back. But one of their squadrons got in our rear, and we were "between two fires." We struck to the woods and kept up a running fight for about 3 miles, when I was shot and hurt myself. I rode about 200 yards, when the rebels getting among us I took to the bushes, and ran about 100 yards, when I was surrounded and had to give up my arms.

One of our company, George Sease, from near Emmitsburg, was shot through the body; James Scott, Edmund Wible, Jos. Wills, Geo. Jacobs and Samuel M'Nair were wounded; and Capt. Hunter and 10 of us taken prisoners, and paroled yesterday. Wills has a sabre-cut on the back of his head; and Wible a sabre-cut on the back—neither wounded seriously, and both are about. Capt. Hunter and two Lieutenants of Capt. Cole's company were paroled to remain in Leesburg, but I think they will be released in a day or two. One of Captain Means' men and one of Capt. Cole's killed, and 15 or 20 wounded in the other companies, several seriously. One rebel Captain, one Lieutenant, and several privates killed, and a good number wounded. We had about 130 men on our scout; about 50 will cover our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. We were taken by the 2d Virginia Cavalry, Col. Mumford, and were outnumbered four to one, besides citizens who turned our in force. The rebel cavalry were the men who dashed on Caddell's Station and Manassas. After we were captured we were taken to Leesburg, and afterwards moved back about four miles towards Manassas, where we were kept until yesterday morning, when we were paroled. We then made our way to camp, where we arrived this morning. I hardly expected to get off the field alive, but a kind Providence watched over and protected me. I expect to be home shortly. What I regret most is, that now I can do nothing to help drive back the traitor horde.

Some men secretly aid the Rebels, while they openly boast of their loyalty—pretend great concern when any news adverse to our arms reaches us, yet assemble together in their secret convalescence, and chuckle over the fancied failure of our Government's efforts to crush the rebellion. These men are marked, and they will be disposed of when the time comes to treat with traitors at home. After the struggle has been ended with traitors now in arms, and the rebellion crushed, the Government will have time to deal with those who have aided the mean part of secretly encouraging and assisting treason; and those who are now living and acting in a facious sympathizing security, will feel the heavy stroke that traitors deserve—if not the prison or confiscation, yet the weight of public condemnation, which will follow them to posterity.

THE TRUTH—Men who will at this day, when our nation is in a desperate struggle with traitors, seek to divide our people by a ridiculous expression of apprehension about abolitionists, can be considered in no other light than as the allies of treason and the enemies of our government. He who now seeks to distract and antagonize our people is as black a traitor as Jeff Davis himself, let him live in Secession or in our midst. The secessionists are now the great and only enemies who require our immediate attention, and until they are put down all other issues should be dropped. Unless we do this, and unless men who seek to divide our people are frowned down, the work of preserving our nation is hopeless. The miserable creatures, who in this dark hour of our national peril, can think of nothing but of now to make partisan capital by a senseless cry against abolitionists, have no heart for the great work before us, and none of that supreme love for our national government which fills every loyal bosom.

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Senatorial Conference.

The Senatorial Conference of Adams, Franklin and Fulton Counties, met in the Court House in Chambersburg, on Tuesday 2d inst., and organized by the election of Hon. M. DICKSON, of Fulton, as Chairman, and J. A. GARDNER, of Adams, Secretary. The following Conference were present and took their seats:

Adams—J. A. Gardner, J. T. McIlhenry, and K. T. Rinehart.
Franklin—Col. D. O. Gehr, Wm. McLehlan, Esq., and Dr. James Brotherton.
Fulton—Hon. M. Dickson, Wm. M. Patterson and Isaac Taylor.

On motion the Conference proceeded to nominate candidates for State Senator.—Dr. S. E. DUFFIELD, of Fulton, Col. John Wolford, of Adams, and Gen. David Middlecott, of Franklin, were duly nominated.

The Conference then proceeded to vote with the following result:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.
Duffield,.....	4	4	4	7
Wolford,.....	5	5	5	0
Middlecott,.....	3	2	3	2

Whereupon Dr. S. E. DUFFIELD, of Fulton county, was declared the nominee for State Senator.

M. DICKSON, Chm.
J. A. GARDNER, Secy.

Secret Traitors.

Some men secretly aid the Rebels, while they openly boast of their loyalty—pretend great concern when any news adverse to our arms reaches us, yet assemble together in their secret convalescence, and chuckle over the fancied failure of our Government's efforts to crush the rebellion. These men are marked, and they will be disposed of when the time comes to treat with traitors at home. After the struggle has been ended with traitors now in arms, and the rebellion crushed, the Government will have time to deal with those who have aided the mean part of secretly encouraging and assisting treason; and those who are now living and acting in a facious sympathizing security, will feel the heavy stroke that traitors deserve—if not the prison or confiscation, yet the weight of public condemnation, which will follow them to posterity.

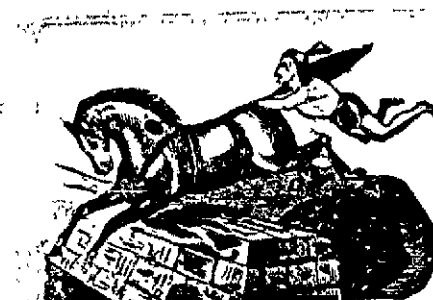
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THE TRUTH—Men who will at this day, when our nation is in a desperate struggle with traitors

ADAMS COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

he can sell at extremely low
 pricing them to be good blue-
 an assortment of CHAINS,
 ous of purchasing a good Watch.
 to call and examine my assort-
 JOSEPH BEVAN,
 of the Watch and Spentzolea, in
 the Diamond, Gettysburg.
 eat Bargains.
 SELLING OFF!
 nopoly of fresh groceries just re-



GARDNER & BERNHARDT'S GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS.

After a most successful tour through the State the managers take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of this place that they

will exhibit in GETTYSBURG, On Tuesday, September 9th, 1862.

Afternoon and evening, doors open at 2 and 7 P. M., performance to commence half an hour later. ADMISSION 25 cents.

Many new features have been introduced, foremost among which is the

ZOUAVE HAIT, illustrating with striking vividness scenes in the present war. First the march, then the battle (in which all the horses sit up and lay down as the word of command) concluding with the grand charge. Many other startling novelties will also be introduced.

THE PERFORMERS have been selected from the Stars of Europe and America, and no expense has been spared in this department, such artists as

Miss ELIZA GARDNER, The Fairy Gen of the Arena, without doubt the most beautiful, chaste, and elegant female in the world. This young lady's style of dashing horsemanship, calls for the admiration of all beholders, while her beauty and grace make her the pet of the public.

J. Hemmings, John Foster, W. Hill, R. King, W. Green, R. Ball, Mad. Gail, etc.

Are names that need no comment, the whole under the immediate direction of the People's Clown,

DAN GARDNER, who will, at each exhibition, introduce his great Talking Horse

WASHINGTON, and his EDUCATED MULES, Pote and Barney.

The Horses and Ponies Are the Best Trained in the Profession, and the entire entertainment will be given in a style of grandeur and elegance new.

GRAND PROCESSION. Headed by Peter Bricker's Brass Band, seated in their Band Car, drawn by a line of beautiful cream colored horses, followed by the entire outfit. They will also exhibit in Hanover, September 8th, and Chambersburg, September 10th.

W. H. GARDNER, Agent. August 26, 1862.

A VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.

THE Subscribers, Administrators of the estate of PETER S. SMITH, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on SATURDAY the 13th day of September next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises,

THE FARM of said deceased, situate in Strasburg township, Adams county, on the road leading from Hanover to Chambersburg, one mile from the former place, adjoining lands of Jacob King, John N. Graft, Jeremiah Shriver and others, containing 120 ACRES, more or less, of Pasture Land. There are about 20 acres of Timber, and 18 or 20 acres in Meadow. The whole farm is in excellent order, well fenced, well watered, having a running stream through the place. The improvements are a good two-story rough-cast

HOUSE, Bank Barn, with sheds all around, wagon-shed, corn crib, hog-house, dry-house, also, a workshop; a very fine ORCHARD, of all varieties of Fruit, Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum and Grape.

The property will be shown by either of the Administrators, or by Jeremiah D. Hoffman, living thereon.

The terms will be made known on the day of sale by

GEORGE MACKLEY, GEORGE THOMAS, Admrs.

Superintendent's Notice.

Germany Littlestown, Sept. 10, 9 A. M.

Monday, Two Teachers, Sept. 11, 9 A. M.

Cumbeid, Gettysburg, Sept. 12, 9 A. M.

Tyone, Heidelberg, Sept. 13, 10 A. M.

Butler, Middletown, Sept. 14, 10 A. M.

Menallen, Bendersville, Sept. 17, 9 A. M.

Franklin, Cashtown, Sept. 18, 9 A. M.

Hamilton, Fairfield, Sept. 19, 9 A. M.

Liberty, Grayson's school house, Sept. 20, 9 A. M.

NEW OXFORD, Aug. 2.

JOSEPH BEVAN, sign of the Watch and Spectacles, in the diamond, has now on hand a large assortment of Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles, and is prepared to suit all who will favor him with a call.

N. B. Cash paid for old gold and silver.

May 27.

New Goods!

FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS have just received a large and new assortment of Spring Goods, which the attention of buyers is respectfully invited. Their stock comprises all the latest and most approved styles and patterns of Dress Goods, together with their usual assortment of Staple Domestic Goods, such as cannot fail to please all who favor them with their patronage. Call early and select from their large and varied assortment. FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS.

April.

Cheap

OVER COATS, DRESS COATS, BUSINESS COATS, MONKEY JACKETS, MONKEY JACKETS, SHIRTS, SHIRTS, DRESSERS, DRAWERS, VESTS, PANTS.

lots of them a little cheaper than the cheapest, all of our own make, to be had at the Clothing Emporium of

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Jan. 8, 1862.

Misses and Children's Shoes.

LARGE assortment of Misses' and Children's Shoes, Black and Colored, at

R. F. McILHENY'S.

DOMESTICS, TICKINGS, CHECKS, FLANNELS, &c., cheap at Fahnestock's. We have also a MUSLIN—branded with our own name—which we invite special attention, as it exceeds by far, any ever offered in this market for the price.

A SUPERIOR lot of Hams and Shoulders, for sale cheap at

CODORI & GILLESPIE'S.

PUR BRANDY, WINE and WHISKY, for medicinal purposes only, at the new Drug Store of

AMERICAN EXCLUSIVE COFFEE, good as Java, and cheap, for sale by

CODORI & GILLESPIE.

Professional Cards.

DAVID A. BUEHLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE at his residence on Baltimore street, opposite the New Court-house.

A. J. COVER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL prompt attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him—Office between Fahnestock's and Danner and Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore Street, Gettysburg, Pa. [Sept. 9.]

WM. B. McCLELLAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE on West Middlestreet, adjoining the new Court-house.

D. McCONAUGHY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office removed to one door west of Buehler's (Drug & Book Store, Chambersburg street.)

ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR

For Patents and Patents, Bounty Land Warrants, Back-Pay Suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought and highest price given. Land for sale in Iowa, Illinois, and other Western States, and Agents for negotiating Warrants there.

Apply to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 7.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

His Office one door west of the Lutheran Church, on Chambersburg street, opposite F. Pickens' Store, where persons wishing to have any Dental operations performed, respectfully invite a call.

Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D. Prof. Muhlenberg, Prof. M. C. Jacobs, M. L. Stoeter, H. L. Daugher, Dr. H. S. Huber.

Gettysburg Marble Yard.

MEALS & BRO.

In East York street, Gettysburg, Pa.

WHERE they are prepared to furnish all kinds of work in their line, such as MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, MANTLES, &c., at the shortest notice, and as cheap as the cheapest.

Produce taken in exchange for work. Gettysburg, May 27.

Cannon & Adair's

NEW MARBLE WORKS.

CORNER of Baltimore and East Middle street, directly opposite the new Court House, Gettysburg. Having recently arrived from Philadelphia, and feeling fully competent to execute all work in the finest style of the art, we would respectfully invite the attention of the public wishing to procure anything in our line, to favor us with a call and examine specimens of our work. We are prepared to furnish Monuments, Tombs and Headstones, Marble Mantles, Slabs for Cabinet-makers, and all other work pertaining to our business, at the lowest possible prices. We do not hesitate to guarantee that our work shall be put up in a manner substantial and tasteful equal to the best to be seen in the cities, where every improvement which experience has suggested is availed of, and, especially do we guarantee that our Cemetery and Grave Yard shall be so carefully set as not to be affected by frost, but shall maintain for years that correctness of position given at the completion of a job and no necessary to continued neatness and symmetry.

Oct. 25.

John W. Tipton,

FASHIONABLE BARBER, North-east corner of the Diamond, (next door to McClellan's Hotel,) Gettysburg, Pa., where he can at all times be found ready to attend to his business in his line. He has also excellent assistants, and will ensure satisfaction. Give him a call.

Dec. 3.

New Confectionery & Ice Cream SALOON.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity, that he has just opened a new Confectionery Establishment, one door east of the Eagle Hotel, on Chambersburg street, to which he would invite their attention.

Cakes, Candies and every description of Confections—Togethers with Nuts, Oranges, and all kinds of Fruits—always on hand. Summer Drinks—such as Meads, Pop, Mineral Water, and anything else intended to please the palate and refresh the system during the hot summer months.

Parties, public and private, as well as families, will be furnished with all kinds of Cake, Ice Cream, (in pyramidal form or otherwise) and other refreshments, at their houses, upon short notice.

Having spent a life time at the business he flatters himself that he fully understands it, and that he is able to render entire satisfaction. Call and see the new Confectionery. May 14.

JOHN GRUELL.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Savings Institution of Adams Co., Gettysburg Pa.

WEALTH comes by Saving. Deposit your surplus funds in this Institution, at the rate of from two to five per cent. This Institution offers a safe, convenient, and profitable depository to all classes of people.

Feb. 26.

Flour & Commission House,

NO. 101, N. HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE.

(ESTABLISHED A. D. 1785.)

WE take the means of reminding our friends in Adams and the neighboring Counties, that we still carry on business at our Old Warehouse, where we are prepared to purchase or receive on consignment COUNTRY PRODUCE, especially FLOUR and GRAIN. Our experience and standing, together with our favorable location (our Warehouse being on the line of the Railroad) warrant us in hoping that we shall be able, not only to retain our old customers, but also to extend our business in this section of country.

PETER SAUERWEIN & SON, Baltimore, Dec. 6.

Frames.

GILDED FRAMES—TYSON BROTHERS have just received from Philadelphia, and now offer to the public the largest and best assortment of Gilded Frames ever brought to Gettysburg, at astonishing low prices. Please call and examine them. Excelsior Sky-light Gallery, York street, opposite the Bank, Gettysburg, Pa.

March 12, 1862.

TYSON BROTHERS have constantly on hand a large assortment of plain and gilded frames, gilded frames, gold and plated looking glass pictures, &c., &c., which they are selling at astonishingly low prices.

LARGE Photographs made from small pictures at greatly reduced rates, at the Excelsior Sky-light Gallery.

BLANKET SHAWLS, all varieties and prices at A. Scott & Son's cheap store.

GLYCERINE and Camphor Soap for preserving and curing the bites of Mosquitoes and other insects.

At Dr. R. HORNER'S Drug Store.

DR. ROBERT HORNER'S NEW FAMILY DRUG & PRESCRIPTION STORE.

CHAMBERSBURG STREET, GETTYSBURG. HAVING retired from the active profession of my profession, I take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity, that I have opened a NEW DRUG STORE, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. R. & C. HORNER, as an office, where I will constantly keep on hand a large supply of all kinds of FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, TOOTH POWDERS, DYE STUFFS, DRY PAINTS, and PAINTS ground in Oil, OILS, expressed and distilled. STATIONERY of all kinds, Inks, Pens, Pencils, Paper, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

PATENT MEDICINES. All the popular Patent Medicines, together with a selection of pure WILKES' BLINDNESS and WILKES' for medicinal purposes only, always on hand. In a word, my stock embraces everything usually found in a large class of this description.

A large supply of fresh Drugs has been received, and others are arriving, which I am offering to the public on very accommodating terms. My Medicines have all been purchased under my personal inspection and supervision from the most reliable houses. I can therefore not only recommend them as pure and fresh, but can call them CHEAP.

For the treatment of all chronic diseases. A DVICE GRATIS. if

May 13, 1862.

NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD has just received from Philadelphia a large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Black, plain and fancy, Silk Warp, French Cloths for summer Dress Coats, a beautiful article, Tweeds, Italian Cloths, Jeans, Drillings, Marine Cassimeres, all very handsome. In the above stock of Goods there are many new and beautiful Styles—Also, a large stock of Carpets, Trunks, Carpet Bags and Domestic. Also, a large Stock of Ready made Clothing of our own manufacturing, in great variety, all sizes, prices and cheap. Call and see us.

Mr. W. T. KING is in connection with the establishment, as usual, to cut and make up Clothing in short order.

April 29.

NEW FIRM.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS, CONFECTIONS, NOTIONS, &c.

The undersigned have gone into partnership in the Grocery and Provision business, at the old stand of W. Gillespie, in York street, one door east of Will's Hotel, Gettysburg, where they will constantly keep on hand for sale a general variety of goods in their line, viz: COFFEES, SUGARS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, TEAS, SALT, &c. HAMS, SHOULDERS, SIDES, FISH, POTATOES, BEANS, &c. FLOUR AND FEED. With any quantity of CONFECTIONS, FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c. They expect also to deal largely in COAL OIL and COAL OIL LAMPS—presenting a good article of the former and a fine assortment of the latter. Having enlarged the Store and Ware Rooms, they are prepared to keep a large stock, all of which will be disposed of at the lowest rates. They offer such bargains as have never before been had in this place. Give us a trial. No effort spared to please. GEO. A. COHNET, JOSEPH S. GILLESPIE.

April 29.

Highly Important

TO PURCHASERS OF DRY GOODS. The best place to buy your Dry Goods is at

A. SCOTT & SON'S,

opposite the Eagle Hotel, Chambersburg street.

One Price, Fair Dealing and Everything at the LOWEST PRICE.

We have just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and are now opening a large and attractive assortment of

SPRING GOODS.

to which we invite the special attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen of town and country. We will not particularize, but invite all to call, examine and judge for themselves.

We take this method of returning our thanks for the liberal patronage thus far extended to us, and would say it shall be our constant endeavor to merit a continuance of the same, by strict attention to business, with a desire to please, by selling the prettiest, best, and most goods for the least money.

April 15.

A. SCOTT & SON.

A FRESH SUPPLY.

COME AND SEE.

I TAKE this method to inform the public that I have received from the City of Philadelphia a fresh stock of Goods, comprising all of the newest styles of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, the most complete assortment ever received in this place. In style, quality and price they cannot be surpassed.

Also, Shawls, Clothing Cloths, Gloves and Hosiery, Bonnets, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, as well as a fine assortment of FINEST WARE and Fancy Soap, and in fact everything that is usually found in a stock of Dry and Fancy Goods.

For the Gentlemen I have complete a stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Goods suitable for Boys' wear, as well as Gloves, Stockings, Handkerchiefs, Neck-ties, and Suspenders, as was ever brought to this market.

Ladies' Dress Trimmings in great variety. Visiting Cards, Envelopes, Note, Letter and Cap Paper.

Irish Linen, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Pillow Case Muslin and Wide Sheetings.

April 15.

J. L. SCHICK.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

GEORGE ARNOLD has now on hand much the largest stock of Ready made Clothing he has ever had, consisting of Coats of all sizes, Pantaloons, Co. Vests, do. Dusters, Shirts, Drawers, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c. Our Coats, Pants and Vests run from a needle to an anchor, both as to size, price and quality. If we cannot please you in a garment ready made, Mr. W. T. KING, who is in connection with the establishment, will at once take your measure and make you a suit in short notice. Give us a call.

April 29.

An Excellent Chance to get INTO AN ESTABLISHED BUSINESS.

MY health being in such a state as to oblige me to retire from business, I offer to sell out my establishment on easy terms; with a lease of the Store-room for a number of years if desired. It is unnecessary to say more. All who know my store will say that it is the most desirable business stand in town. I also invite merchants to call, as I am determined to sell out wholesale if I can—below city wholesale prices. If any one buys me out I will assist him in making his purchases as desired.

I will also rent the room adjoining my store. It will answer for almost any kind of business. Early application is desired.

Aug. 12.

M. SAMSON.

DR. ROBERT HORNER'S NEW FAMILY DRUG & PRESCRIPTION STORE.

CHAMBERSBURG STREET, GETTYSBURG. HAVING retired from the active profession of my profession, I take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity, that I have opened a NEW DRUG STORE, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. R. & C. HORNER, as an office, where I will constantly keep on hand a large supply of all kinds of FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, TOOTH POWDERS, DYE STUFFS, DRY PAINTS, and PAINTS ground in Oil, OILS, expressed and distilled. STATIONERY of all kinds, Inks, Pens, Pencils, Paper, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

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J. L. SCHICK.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

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April 29.